

# Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

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## THE ISSUE IN OCTOBER NEXT:

**James M. Power** | **Wm. B. Foster**  
AND THE | AND THE  
**Whig Tariff of '42** | **British Tariff of '46.**

People of Pennsylvania, here is the issue fairly stated. The election of JAS. M. POWER, will be regarded all over the Union as evidence not to be misunderstood, that PENNSYLVANIA is not to be PROSTRATED IN THE DUST, or her honest voters CHEATED AND HUMBLED with impunity—while every vote polled for WM. B. FOSTER will be deemed an expression in favor of FREE TRADE and the BRITISH TARIFF of 1846.

## Each Light has its Shade.

With every joy we haste to meet,  
In hopefulness or pride,  
There comes with step as sure and fleet,  
A shadow by its side;  
And ever thus that spectre chill  
With each fair bliss has sped,  
And when the gladdened pulse should thrill,  
The stricken heart lies dead.  
The Pae's brow the wreath entwines—  
Wha weight falls on the breast?  
Upon the sword where glory shines,  
The stains of life-blood rest.  
So, where the rosiest sunbeam glows,  
There lies eternal snow!  
And Fame its brightest halo throws,  
Where death lies cold below.

## The Owing System.

Foote had borrowed of one of his actors £10. One day that Foote was receiving a large sum of money, the actor said to him:  
"Oh, Foote! I lent you £10; suppose you return them to me."  
"My dear fellow," said Foote, "it was £100 you lent me."  
"No; it was only £10."  
"I tell you it was £100," maintained Foote, stamping.  
"Well, then," retorted the poor actor, "pay £10 now, and I will excuse you the remainder."  
"No, no, my dear fellow; I prefer owing you the £100."

## Preservation of the Tomato.

Mr. R. B. Morrell gives us the following:—  
"The tomato, which has come into universal use, and is deemed a luxury by almost every one, may be preserved for winter use in the following manner. When ripe, let them be prepared by stewing as for the table, and seasoned to the liking; put them in small jars, (1 quart) with covers. Over the top put a piece of linen or cotton cloth, which will cover, and press the cover on; then pour into the cavity melted mutton tallow, and keep them in a cool place in the cellar until required for use. They need only to be warmed to serve them for the table. I use small jars for the reason, that where exposed to the air they soon ferment."

## Very Affectionate.

A farmer going to "get his grist ground" at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was somehow or other knocked into the water by the water wheel and the bag went with him. He was drowned; and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious! what a fuss there'll be now about that bag!"

The Louisville Journal says Mr. Polk has made the brilliant discovery that the Federal Constitution has got the hydrophobia and hates fresh water.

## A Storm on the "Canawl."

It has been the fortune of many to travel on a canal, when its calm waters slept in undisturbed tranquility, and the soft breath of the summer air scarcely excited a ripple upon its peaceful bosom. But when old Boreas has awakened from his slumbers, and is stalking furiously over its dangerous depths, lashing its waters to madness, throwing up huge billows high upon its banks, and engulfing every thing in its boiling whirlpools with threatening waterspouts and roaring tornadoes; at such a time we question whether many have dared the dangers and perils of the "Raging Canawl."

It was a calm night in June, when it was my fortune to be travelling with a goodly number of passengers, upon that staunch and thorough sea-boat, the "Dolly Maria." Naught was heard to break the silence, save the sleeping passengers in the cabin, who seemed combined to "roll the deep eternal bass of Nature's Anthem" in one general snore, which shook the boat from stem to stern, and reverberated along the wooded banks like muttering thunder.

The grim sons of Neptune who navigated the boat were dispersed about the deck in various attitudes, and the skipper was pacing by the weather gangway, quietly smoking his cigar. Suddenly he stopped short in his walk, and his eye rested upon a small black cloud which had appeared in the western horizon, and was growing larger and blacker every moment. He gazed but a moment, and then his voice rung with clear and startling tones; "Every man to his post!" Aye, aye, growled the old water-dogs, who were soon ready for the approaching storm.

Shortly it burst upon us in all its violence. "Hard up your helm!" shouted the captain. "Aye, aye," growled the old Muskrat in the stern, and she rode the gale nobly; but suddenly a heavy sea gave her a "side winder," carrying away the wash dish and ducking the cook, and the gallant craft began to settle away to the leeward.

"Haul taut the tow line—Box haul the main-setting pole and square away the wood box!" thundered the captain, whose spirit seemed to rise superior to the emergency.

The storm was now terrific, the waves running mountains high, often rising to the very summit of the tow-path! and it was soon seen that the Dolly Maria was no match for such a tempest, and was gradually drifting before the wind.

"Breakers ahead!" shouted the boot-black. "Where away?"

"Over the off row lock!" was answered.

The decisive moment had now come, and the captain saw that decisive measures alone would avail, and through the canal horn shouted,— "steersman, take another tack in your unmentionables. Cook, double reef the stove-pipe and get up more steam on the tea-kettle. Cut away the gangway. Furl the mizzen jib-boom. Unship the taffrail, and let go the boat hook!" but the anchor still dragged, the danger was every moment becoming more imminent, the roar of breakers was distinctly heard, and orders were given to light the ship.

"Discharge overboard your tobacco quids, every man of you. Steward, throw overboard the boot-jack and coffee-pot," upon which she was very perceptibly lightened, the anchor caught, and a faint gleam of hope broke upon our despairing souls.

But soon came the appalling cry, "the best bower has parted, and we are all adrift!" Then all hope was gone, and a wild shriek rose high above the raging storm, but anon was heard the calm voice of the captain, exhorting us to be quiet, for we might yet be saved. The tow-line had been secured to a stout post and rail fence on shore, a running bow-line was got upon the cut-water, a double turn was taken upon the caboose, the helm jammed "hard a-port," and the Dolly Maria once more brought upon the wind, and rode out that gale in safety.

## An Unlighted Candidate.

"Feller-citizens," said a candidate for Congress, recently, somewhere 'out West'—"Feller-citizens! you're well aware I've no education. I never went to school in my life but three times, and that was to night school. Two nights the teacher didn't come, and the tother night I had no candle."

## Success of Quackery.

Mantaccini, the famous Charlatan of Paris, was a young man of good family, and having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to beggary, he felt he must exercise his ingenuity or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes around the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favored by fortune. He soon perceived it was Charlatanism, on which this blind benefactress lavished her favors with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold lace livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on a tour under the name, style, and title of the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a simple touch or simple look. Not finding that he obtained as much practice as his daring genius anticipated, he determined to resort to still higher flights. He left Paris, and modestly announced himself at Lyons, as "the celebrated Dr. Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will." To remove all doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common church-yard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years. This declaration excited a general rumor and murmur against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistracy, and requested that he might be put under a guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult the clever empiric and purchase his *banne de vie*.

His consultations were numerous, and he received large sums of money. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his shoulders, began to manifest signs of uneasiness. "You know nothing of mankind," said the quack to his servant, "be quiet." Scarcely had he spoken those words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen. "Sir, the great operation which you are to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am happy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of heaven do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep the secret to yourself." In an instant after, two dashing beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest application, entreated him not to raise their old father formerly the greatest miser in the city, as in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance. Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the quack, and with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy. In short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess which absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and some by curiosity, so that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said, "Sir, I have not the least doubt from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection of our church-yard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise—but I pray you to observe that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family; I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore tranquility to the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give an attestation, in due form, under our seal, that you can revive the dead, and it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses to your power." This certificate was duly signed and delivered to Dr. Mantaccini, who left Lyons for other cities to work new miracles. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at the popular credulity.

"I will not kill thee," said a stout quaker whom a highwayman had stopped on the road, "but I will hold thy head under the water till the breath departs from thy body."

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on Heaven! With God's presence, and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

## Farmers, Look to your Interests.

The following letter, which we find in the Philadelphia Chronicle of Wednesday, should be read by every Farmer in the country. It will show them how idle it is to hope for any advantage to them from the opening of the British ports to their grain and flour. Those who read this plain statement, will not be caught by the efforts of the Locofoco leaders to deceive them on this point. The HOME MARKET is their only reliance; and that can only be made good by protecting the manufacturers, miners, mechanics and laborers, who consume the produce. A Protective Tariff must be the Farmers' motto, if he wants good prices for his grain:

7TH MO. 16, 1846.

Dear Friend: Since I dreamed my "political dream" I have endeavored to keep wide awake, that I might observe the sayings and doings of Jas. K. Polk, and the hungry politicians who are feeding, or expect to be fed, out of Uncle Sam's corn-house. As farmers earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, rather than the sweat of their brains; as they are the most numerous class in society, and can elect to the high offices of the nation, whomsoever they prefer, the wily and selfish politician has ever professed to be the especial friend of the farmer. James K. Polk, having lost political capital, instead of making it, out of the Oregon question, and having cause to fear losing yet more from the destructive and anti-American policy adopted during the last session of Congress, the leaders of the dominant party know, that unless more political capital is manufactured for their nominee for the Presidency (whoever he may be,) than James K. Polk now possesses, the election of '48 will place the said nominee in a situation where he will neither be able to punish his opponents, nor reward his friends. Hence we see a great effort making, by paid politicians, to direct the farmer's attention from what has been done against him in Washington, to what has been done, not for him, in London. And, instead of providing, or even sustaining, a market and remunerating prices for him at home, they are telling him to look to England for the rewards of his industry! That a total repeal of the English corn-laws would not compensate the American for the loss he will sustain in the home market, from the operations of Mr. Polk's revenue tariff alone, will be evident to thee from the following tables:

The following table, from "Parliamentary Reports," will show the prices of wheat per bushel in the principal marts of trade on the Continent of Europe, from 1830 to 1843, inclusive:

	Odessa.	Hamburg.	Amsterdam.	Antwerp.	Dantzic.
1830	\$1 07	93	\$1 13	95	68
1831	1 18	1 19	1 15	1 07	71
1832	93	90	1 10	90	62
1833	83	70	89	55	61
1834	70	67	66	50	77
1835	60	65	76	68	57
1836	70	79	76	70	52
1837	73	76	81	99	50
1838	94	79	1 20	1 48	65
1839	96	1 15	1 33	1 37	79
1840	2 07	1 30	1 11	1 48	71
1841	1 23	99	1 09	1 45	74
1842	1 10	1 11	1 11	94	66
1843	76	82	78	76	48
Average	91	90	99	98	64

Here we have the prices of wheat at five great marts of the wheat trade, for fourteen years, showing a general average of 88 cents per bushel.

The prices at our own sea ports, during the same period, run as follows:

In 1830	\$1 15	In 1837	\$1 83
1831	1 18	1838	1 54
1832	1 15	1839	1 42
1833	1 13	1840	1 10
1834	1 08	1841	1 03
1835	1 10	1842	1 16
1836	1 44	1843	1 00

The general average of the aforementioned prices is \$1 25, being 37 cents more than the average per bushel at the aforementioned ports in Europe. These show demonstratively that, in the first cost of the grain, we are not able to come into fair competition with our trans-Atlantic wheat growers. And the disadvantage would be still greater for us if the relative distances of the great wheat markets from London were brought into the account. For instance—

Dantzic is	1500 miles from London
Hamburg	500 " "
Amsterdam	400 " "
Antwerp	300 " "
Odessa	3800 " "
New York	3600 " "
Philadelphia	3800 " "
Baltimore	4000 " "

These tables are indisputable and self-evident, and demonstrate to the farmer his HOME MARKET IS HIS BEST MARKET, and therefore, should be protected by a protective tariff.

When the commerce of the country has passed measurably into the hands of foreigners, and the national revenues are inadequate to the expenses of the government; when thousands of industrious mechanics are thrown out of employment; and when all kinds of produce are selling for less than their present prices (results which the Democratic revenue tariff will most assuredly produce,) we will be told by thousand tongues, and as many pens, that these are the results of Whig panics. But let the farmer make use of his every day common sense, and he will easily discern what contributes most to his interest; who are his real friends, and whom he ought to support in all future elections.

## The Song Changed.

The following verse is from one of the songs in the Democratic "Yaller Kiver," used in this State in 1844:

AIR—"Lucy Neal."

Oh! poor Coony Whigs,  
What makes you look so blue!  
We will have Polk and Dallas,  
And the TARIFF of '42!

Since those days things have taken a strange turn with some people, and the Pennsylvania Democracy now sing the old song somewhat after this fashion:

Oh! poor deluded Locos,  
Why now in such a fix!  
We've now got Polk and Dallas,  
And the TARIFF of '46!"

## Combustion of the Willow Tree.

The fact of trees being subject to spontaneous combustion is wonderful, though well attested, and forms another of those natural phenomena, which only can be explained by the scientific. We read in a late number of the Cambridge, (Eng.) Advertiser, that the banks of the Cam this season have exhibited an unusual number of these cases, occurring principally in growing willows. At one point on the river in particular, the process was seen going on thoroughly. "It was really astonishing," says the Advertiser, "to look upon a fine willow, in the full vigor of robust vegetable health, pouring forth clouds of smoke from its half burned stem, and doomed speedily to expire—its own funeral pile. How explain this? How account for the fact that this tree, yet hale and green, covered with a rich mass of foliage and flourished "like a green bay tree" on the river bank—should suddenly burst forth into ignition, burn like tinder to its very core, and to-morrow be prostrate? There is no pretence— we think there can be no fermentation in this process. If instances of spontaneous vegetable combustion thus frequently happen, why dispute the analogous case of spontaneous animal combustion? The tree which we observed last week, as stated above, is now prostrate—its very foliage charred, a vegetable ruin—as if stripped, shattered, blasted, and half consumed by the electric fluid."

## Paddy's Belief.

A gentleman wishing to discover the religion of his Irish guide, inquired:

"Paddy, what's your belief?" to which he replied,

"Wisha, then, your honor, but I'm of my landlady's belief."

"What's that, paddy?"

"Wisha, and I'll tell you, I owe her five and a half year's rent, and she believes that I'll never pay her, and that's my belief too."

## TO LIGHT MATCHES IN DAMP WEATHER.

It may be useful to our readers to know that matches, when too damp to be used in the ordinary way, can be readily ignited by rubbing them gently for a few seconds upon a piece of cork.

No courting which is not done sig-nificantly can succeed.